

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1861.

NO. 24.

Business Cards.

W. F. ELLISON. M. B. De SILVA.
ELLISON & De SILVA,
Proprietors of the
ELLISON HOUSE.
Jackson Street
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, SEEDS, DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS, WOOL, &c.
E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs, Salt Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c., &c.
PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 31, 1860—41

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.
PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW AND ALL KINDS
OF DRIED FRUITS.
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—41f.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Respectfully announces his readiness to give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 29, 1860—41f.

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v2a35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE, four doors west of Reed's corner,
Aug. 4, 1859—v2a30f.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to a
complete set. Office on Main street, two doors east of
Dr. Irving's office, up stairs.
June 9, 1860—42

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
TAKING FOR past years, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the pub-
lic. Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—v2a34f.

DR. EBRIGT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Empire House.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

J. P. ALBAN, Dentist,
MILLERSBURG, O.
A artificial teeth in-
serted on Gold,
Silver, Vulcanite &
Porcelain base.
Teeth he has made,
Cleaned or filled.
Satisfaction war-
ranted.
Room at the "Ellison House."
Nov. 28, 1860—y1.

BENJAMIN COHN,
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.

CASKEY & INGLES,
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WAITS, having purchased Weller and
J. Jones' Improved Sewing Machine, is still on
hand to wait on the public in his line in all its
branches.
I am also agent for said Machine, and can recom-
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Jan. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—n6m5.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on the
tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render
general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
man to live at.
Millersburg, 1860—n41f.

Poetry.

THE SOWER.
When the sunbeams shine and the free winds
blow
Across the fertile plain,
To scatter the yellow grain;
Sowing the seed that, blessed by dews
And cheered by the smiling sun,
Shall clothe the fields with a golden garb
Ere the summer days be done.

Shall waken the millwheel's cheery clack,
And spread the swelling sail
That speeds with its freight of human food
Before the favoring gale;
Shall tell the myriad streams of Life,
The wheels of Commerce speed,
And make a thousand blessings the day
When the farmer sows the seed.

Unfanned by the breeze, in a silent room
Where sunbeams rarely fall,
There's another sower busy at work,
Though shut by roof and wall.
Be the weather foul or the weather fair,
To the sower it matters not,
For the grain he scatters are laden types,
And the field is the field of Thought.

He sows the seed of the Good and True,
And though the storm may pour,
The lightning flash of Malice scorch,
Of Falsehood's thunders roar—
Through stump and rock he scatters round,
And weeds possess the soil,
The crop will grow and the harvest come
To reward the laborer's toil.

He sows the seed of Human Rights,
And though years may first be past,
The germ will quicken and bursting its tomb,
Spring into life at last.
The tyrant's heel may crush the soil,
And bayonets pierce the sod,
But the field is watered with hopeful tears,
And warmed by the smile of God.

He sows the seed of a purer Faith,
And Superstition's eld
Is shattered to dust by the piercing blade
Thatward points to God.
The stem grows strong and the head fills out,
Heedless of tempest strife,
And a million fainting souls are fed
With the saving Bread of Life.

He sows the seed of a blessed Peace,
Mid steel and fire, and blood,
Planting the grains with a trustful heart,
Even where the cannons stood;
Dropping them into gaping rifts
Ploughed by the death-winged ball,
Scattering them with a lavish hand
Over the frowning wall.

Moistened by blood of the brave who fell,
And torn by the living shed,
The quickened seed sends up its shoots,
Hiding the gory dead.
Twining around the rusty gun,
Smothering the raged seas,
Clothing the wall of silence stone,
With a mantle of living green.

Where Vice and Ignorance taint the air,
He scatters the precious grain;
He scatters with lavish hand,
Barren the soil and rough with thorns,
But the plant shoots up to light;
Knowledge thrives, while Ignorance dies,
And Wrong gives place to Right.

By night, by day, on land, on sea,
He scatters the precious grain;
Trusting to God for the shining sun,
And the quickening kiss of the rain,
Be the weather foul or the weather fair,
To this sower it matters not,
For the grain he scatters are laden types,
And his field is the field of Thought.

Miscellaneous.

MERE NERVOUSNESS.
A SKETCH FOR LIEGE LORDS.
The frown on Arthur Jones' brow was
black as night. He pushed his cup one
way and his plate another, then rising he
sent his chair, with a bang, against the wall.

"As usual, when I come home tired and
hungry, and nothing fit to eat or drink up-
on the table!" he exclaimed, in a harsh,
loud voice that expressed quite as strongly
his words, his inward irritation.

"Why Arthur?" was the only reply of the
pale, weak-voiced woman who sat at
the opposite side of the table, and was the
nominal mistress of the house.

"Oh, you needn't exclaim in that tone,"
the husband rejoined, holding the door in
his hand as he was going out. "Talk of
I! I don't believe he ever knew what it
was to have his patience tried as mine is."

A home thoroughly uncomfortable from
top to bottom, insolent servants, and every-
thing from bad to worse, smoking fires, ill-cook-
ed food, and coffee and tea that would poison
a horse, and, to crown all, a wife that
is nothing but nerves, and," he added, as
the bright drops began to flow down the
poor pale face, "and tears."

"Oh, Arthur!" was the piteous sound he
heard, accompanied by a sob as he crossed
the threshold. He closed the door with a
bang, muttering that he would go down to
Barrett's, and see if he couldn't get a meal
fit to eat there, and was preparing to put
on his coat in the hall, preparatory to going
out, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

He turned, and saw his mother standing be-
side him.

If there was any person in the world
whom Arthur Jones thoroughly loved and
respected, that person was his mother, or
to speak more strictly in accordance with
fact, his stepmother. She was, in truth,
a most admirable woman; and entering her
husband's family, when his children were
very young, had fulfilled all her duties in
the most exemplary manner. Her nature
was large, genial and loving. Love was
the mainspring of all her actions, and when
it is added that she was strictly just, and
possessed of a well-cultivated mind, and a
most excellent judgment, it will readily be
perceived that she impresses all who knew
her as a person of singularly harmonious
character.

in tones that, in their gentleness, contrast-
ed strangely with the loud, harsh ones his
voice had assumed in addressing his wife:
"Did you wish to speak to me, mother?"
"Yes, my son," Mrs. Jones replied.—
"Will you come into the library with me
for a moment?" The habit of acquiescence
in her wishes made him follow her.

After they had seated themselves Mrs.
Jones said:
"I never wish to interfere between hus-
band and wife, but I am sure Arthur, you
are so fully convinced of my affection for
you that you will, without anger, allow me
to ask if you are in the habit of address-
ing your wife as you did just now?"

Arthur looked confused. He had all
the look of a child-culprit at the mother's knee,
as he answered:
"I am afraid I have spoken pretty harsh-
ly to her sometimes."

"And do you think yourself justified?"—
Mrs. Jones began.
"Maybe not, mother," her son inter-
rupted. "But just here," he spoke with
the old boyish eagerness of self-confidence,
"see, ma'am, what can a fellow do when he
never has a decent meal in his own house;
and when he comes home tired to death af-
ter a hard day's work, his wife creeps down
stairs, pale as a ghost, with her hair tuck-
ed behind her ears, and her morning wrap-
per still on, and sits down without a word
of interference or apology to the half-laid
table, and the half-dressed food that her
servants choose to prepare for us, and shuf-
fles off all responsibility by declaring that
she is 'so nervous!'"

"God forgive you, Arthur," said his
mother, slowly. "This is worse even, than
I feared. In condemning Alice so utterly,
you may be it never occurred to you that
you may be it the wrong?"

"But, in the name of all that is good,"
Arthur exclaimed, "what has Alice to do,
or bear that should make her nervous?"

"A great deal, my son. In the first
place, she has never recovered from the ter-
ror and fright of that dreadful accident
four years ago, when so many persons lost
their lives in that railroad collision; when
she saw the dead and the wounded all
around her; listened to their groans and
screams of agony; and endured an hour's
suspense before you were extricated, alive,
and almost unhurt, from the ruins of the
car in which you had been seated. Then
followed that long illness, then the birth
of little Alice, and, in quick succession, of
the two younger ones. She has three
children under four years of age, all sickly
irritable little creatures, requiring constant
care and patience, and awakening constant
anxiety."

A strong woman, of the firmest
constitution, would drop under the great
and unceasing strain, both physical and
mental of four such years; and Alice was
always delicate. She is confined almost
entirely to the nursery, for even if she were
willing to trust these puny children to the
sole care of a hired girl, could not give
them all the attention they require. Her
infant is troublesome at night, and
since you have gone to sleep in another
room, she takes little Johnny to her bed,
and with the two, gets hardly any sleep.
All the care of the household devolves up-
on her. Tell me, my son, who you are
brave and honorable, when not self-deceiv-
ed, do you think your conduct just or kind,
or even what Alice would have a right to
expect if she were an upper servant and
not your wife, whom you have sworn to
love and cherish?"

Arthur was silent. If any other than
his mother had addressed him in such
terms, he would have retorted angrily.—
But habitual respect kept him silent, and
the restraint helped him to control his an-
ger, and to consider the statements he had
heard. The first words he said were:
"You really think, then, mother, that
Alice is ill—that what I have been accus-
tomed to sneer at, as 'mere nervousness,' is
caused by, or is actual disease?"

"Produced by a great number of causes,
no doubt such as I have mentioned. The
whole system is weakened by undue exer-
tion, long continued, by unfavorable con-
ditions of various kinds, and I see no reason
why it may not be asserted that the evi-
dent disorder of the nervous system is real
illness. If not," she added with a pecu-
liar smile, "it is so nearly like it as to be
quite undistinguishable."

"Alice complained much of her heart,
of pains and palpitations, and deathly sink-
ings, a year ago," Arthur said. "I remem-
ber I felt alarmed, for her feet and hands
would grow cold, and she would seem like
one dying. But I spoke to the doctor, and
he said there was no disease of the heart,
and that the sensations of which she com-
plained were merely nervous. Since then
I have laughed at her complaints, and some-
times have been angry at inconvenient
times. And recently she says nothing
about them."

"And yet she was, as you say, like one
dying for two hours this very day. She
thought herself dying, and left a loving
message for you. She told me that since
you left her room on account of the baby,
you are so little together that you see no-
thing of her sufferings. And she often
has these attacks when she is all alone at
night, and does not ring the bell because
you complained of being awakened."

"Is this true mother! Good Heavens!
what a brute I have been, and am! Let
me go and ask her pardon, at once. Poor
Alice, poor girl!"

"And that is not all. To-day, before
she was able to sit up, she insisted on go-
ing to the kitchen to see that the cook was
preparing dinner properly. The effort
caused her more suffering, and she was on-
ly able to arrange her dress a little, and
creep down stairs as you come home."

"And I spoke as harshly to her! Come
mother, every moment is an hour until I
can seek her forgiveness. How blind and
brutal I have been!"

Alice was lying on the couch in her own
room when mother and son entered. As
Arthur went toward his wife, guided by
the sound of her low sobs, for the room
was but dimly lighted, Mrs. Jones carefully
withdrew. She felt that she had no right
to witness such a scene. But she had
scarcely taken half a dozen steps, when
a shriek from Alice drew her back. Arthur

had approached his wife so silently, that
until he laid his hand upon her shoulder
she had not been aware of his presence in
the room. She believed him far away, and
a sudden fear fell upon her. And that
scream of terror, followed by a long and
deathly swoon, was the immediate conse-
quence. When she recovered, however,
to find her head resting upon her husband's
shoulder, and to hear his words of tender
affection, mingled with prayers for forgive-
ness, whispered in her ear, her mother saw
that she needed no better remedy.

An hour later she summoned the pair to
a nice supper prepared under her own su-
pervision. Arthur brought his wife down,
in his arms, and she sat at the head of the
table, propped up by pillows, affectionately
waited on by her husband, and, though
pale and languid still, with a brighter smile
upon her faded features than they had worn
for many a month.

When Mrs. Jones returned to her home
she took Alice and her babies with her.—
Free from her most burdensome cares, en-
livened by her frequent visits from her hus-
band, with plenty of fresh air and leisure
to enjoy it, and with the happiness of see-
ing her children improving in health and
beauty, she seemed to renew her rudely-
shaken hold on life. She returned to the
city, after a few months, in the good
health that had formerly been usual for her.

The Reign of Terror in St. Louis.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Volk-
blatt*, writing from St. Louis, gives a gloomy
account of the state of things in that
city. He says that the disunionists are
staining every nerve to precipitate the
State of Missouri into secession, and the
means they are using seems to indicate
that St. Louis is to be dragged out of
the Union by a species of terrorism. St.
Louis is to be the battle-field on which the
momentous question of secession will be
decided for Missouri, and the conspirators
will not stick at shedding torrents of blood
in the accomplishment of their infernal
purpose.

He describes the number of secession-
ists in St. Louis as small hitherto, but as
possessed of an audacity and recklessness
without a parallel. Their number is com-
posed of neglected writers, bankrupt raga-
muffins, disappointed politicians—in short,
the veriest discontents of the social order.
One of them, named Longmear, who has
edited a certain Marat-like journal
known as the *St. Louis Bulletin*, was last
week compelled to fly the State, having
forged \$40,000 of drafts.

High-handed attempts are made to in-
timidate, and, if possible, drive away Re-
publicans or Union citizens. These bullies
do not scruple to denounce those who voted
for Lincoln, at the hotels, in the hearing,
as "dogs," and to wish loudly that they
might be hung. Republican merchants
are, to a great extent, proscribed, and there
are many who will neither buy nor sell
nor transact any business with them on
"Change."

The Legislature and the Democratic
Gov. Jackson have joined hands in a de-
spotic scheme for dispossessing St. Louis
of all her municipal power, at the present
crisis, and vesting it solely in the Governor
of the State. By a reign of terror at the
polls, a *la* Baltimore and Louisville, it is
designed to send a secession delegation,
pure and simple, from St. Louis to a State
Convention, thus securing the Great State
of Missouri to the disunion traitors. They
know that the withdrawal of Missouri
without St. Louis would help their schemes
but little, but they know equally well that
there is an enormous Union majority in
the city, and they mean to use the foulest
means to compass their ends, even at the
cost of murder and bloodshed.

It is thought that these villains have
matured a scheme for seizing upon the
Federal Arsenal in St. Louis, then Jef-
ferson Barracks, then the Postoffice, Custom
House, banks, &c. No doubt it was some
authentic intelligence of this infamous plot
which induced General Scott to order a
small detachment of Federal troops to
guard the Public Buildings in St. Louis
belonging to the Union.

The correspondent of the *Volkblatt*
closes by saying:
"Our only hope in these fearful cir-
cumstances, next to our own strength, lies
in counting upon the assistance in emergency
of the neighboring free States. We have
been so often assured that you look with
pride upon this great, solitary free-soil city
in the midst of a slave State; we have
been so often styled the bulwark, the
monument of freedom, that we have come
to reckon with certainty, that we shall not,
in the hour of danger, be abandoned by
those whose battles we have so bravely
fought. Will those who have stood by
Kansas in her struggle against the tyranny
which would have made her a slave State,
will they desert St. Louis, when a horde of
barbarians are banded together to drag her
out of the Union, and into an alliance
with south Carolina?"

Perils of Being Rich.
Among the items of news from Char-
leston floating around in secession circles
there is a story that Hon. Wm. Aiken has
been made to "disgorge in aid of the cause
much against his will," as follows. He
was notified that he was expected to ad-
vance \$40,000; to that he pled his right
to advance or not, as he might please,
adding that he did not have the money.—
He was then promptly notified that he
had been assessed that amount and must
promptly pay it, under penalty of having
it raised by immediate confiscation, and
sale of his property in Charleston, worth
many times as much. To save that from
utter destruction, he did raise the amount
demanded, and in paying remarked that
his lot would be better if he was a jour-
neyman carpenter at the North, shoving a
jack-plane at \$2 per day wages, than the
South Carolina millionaire he was before
it was assayed to reduce the South under
a military despotism. He is now "one of
the suspected," his course in refusing to
seem to be placed with paying the forced
loan having earned him the dangerous re-
putation of being disaffected to the cause.
—*Washington Star.*

The Catacombs.
So peculiar, so striking were the Cata-
combs of Paris, that although upwards of
a quarter of a century has passed away since
I visited them, I still find them vividly re-
flected on the mirror of my memory; and
as they have now been shut up for the
last twenty years, and will probably never
again be thrown open, a short sketch of
my visit to them may, perhaps, be not
wholly uninteresting. As I have already
said, it was some thirty years since, one
fine morning, we drove forth to see the
catacombs.

Shortly after we passed the barrier our
carriage came to a halt, and we all alighted.
Within a few yards of the road we found
the entrance to the catacombs. Here we
were met by a guide, who distributed two
or three little tapers amongst the gentle-
men of the party. This was a mere pre-
cautionary measure; but more than one rose
faded from a fair cheek, as the hint of
possibility of danger was communicated to
the party.

We now made a tedious descent down a
cork-screw flight of steps, about one hun-
dred and twenty or one hundred and thirty
in number, our only light being the
lighted torch carried by our cicerone. The
tail of the party (for we only walked two
abreast) were left wholly in the dark. On
ordinary occasions, such a circumstance
would have elicited fun and frolic; but at
the present moment not a titter was heard,
not a joke was uttered. The rear kept as
close as they could to the leading persons,
apparently deeply awed at the idea of thus
approaching the most extensive place of
human sepulchre existing in the known
world.

In five minutes we had all descended,
and as we gathered into a circle at the
foot of the stairs, the guide held his torch
on high, and waved it to and fro, the bet-
ter to display the scene around us.

We were in a chamber (or rather cellar)
hewed out of the solid rock, which was
somewhat elaborately arched over our
heads. The height in the centre might
have been about ten feet; the walls from
which the rock sprung, not more than six.
The whole of this portion was covered in
by humane bones; white skulls framed a
border or cornice, and every here and there
were so arranged as to produce an orna-
mental pattern. At the first glance even
some of the gentlemen shuddered, not from
a feeling of fear, but from an instinctive
horror they could not repress. Indeed,
that man must have wholly divested of
feeling who could thus find himself in an
undisguised charnel house, some eighty
feet beneath the surface of the earth, with-
out a sensation of disgust and awe—too
closely, yet strangely mingling with
thrills.

"Look up," cried the guide; "look at
the black line in the centre of the roof;
should any accident befall you, and you
have the misfortune to get separated, fol-
low it till you arrive at this spot, and then
ring your bell; it will bring you succor;
there is a much thinner bar in
another branch, which three British offi-
cers followed by mistake when the British
army was here, and got so entangled that
their bodies were not found for three weeks.

This was not a pleasing prospect to our
day's entertainment, and the ladies did
not hesitate to express their fears, at which
the guides laughed heartily; there was no
responsive echo on our part.

We followed our leaders through several
branches extending nearly a quarter of a
mile, and at length came to a circular
opening, where there was erected an altar
entirely formed of deformed spinal bones;
and then went on between two rows of
grinning skulls, till we arrived at a chamber,
in the centre of which was a basin of live
fish that seemed to live in health and hap-
piness in this strange spot; above us was
one of the wells spoken of by our guide.

"What is the supposed origin of these
catacombs?" asked Miss M.—
"Oh," replied our cicerone, without hesi-
tation, "they are the great quarries from
which the stone was taken by King Clovis
to build Paris; they extend in three differ-
ent branches, nine miles, and one passage
leads under the river almost to Montmartre."

"But how came they so well finished?"
asked B.—
"Oh they were arched and ornamented
by the monks who first lived in them, and
only left them when the brigands and se-
cret societies cleared them away and took
up their quarters in them."

Little Mary Smith who is always asking
little foolish questions, naively demanded:
"Did they bring all these bones?"
"Not at all, Mademoiselle, not at all;
about three or four centuries ago, and the
king who then reigned had all these bones
collected and brought here. It took fifteen
years to arrange them."

"And whose bones are they?"
"That's the question, no one can tell;
some say the bones of the Innocents
brought over here; some say that they are
those of the Protestants who were killed in
the St. Bartholomew affair; and others de-
clare that they were taken out of every
churchyard; while others believe them to
be the skeletons of those who perished in
the Great Plague."

This was the most unpleasant sugges-
tion of all. We now began to fancy that
the close smell which annoyed our olfac-
tory nerves might be infectious; we might
catch the plague; we might fall victim to
some abominable contagion; already we
wished ourselves out of those ghastly cel-
lars.

We now proceeded on through a continua-
tion of galleries, so similar in appearance
that there was little to remark. Our curi-
osity had been satisfied, and we now felt
satiety and disgust.

All of a sudden, our guide, with his
torch, disappeared. The ladies set up a
general shriek, and the gentlemen for a mo-
ment or two, vainly endeavored to dispe-
l their fears; but, alas! they had but little
cheering information to give them. In
less than a minute the man re-appeared,

with his torch, laughing heartily at the
fright he had given us. He had dodged
behind a screen of bones, and thus alarm-
ed; he now rejoined us much amused at the
fun; but his hilarity was of short duration
for an Irish cousin of mine instantly knock-
ed him down, and, as he lay sprawling, the
light rolled from his hands, and had I
not fortunately snatched it up, we might
all have been lost in the dark and puzzling
mazes of these fearful subterranean lab-
rynths.

The guide was raised and soothed; a five
franc piece restored his good humor, and
in a few minutes we reached the ascent
which led to the free air of heaven. I was
glad I had seen those strange excavations.
They are now shut up, probably forever
and aye, but when they are again open, it
would require a rich bribe to tempt me to
revisit them.

The Silver Cup.
The palace of Duke de Montre was de-
corated for a banquet. A thousand wax
lights burned in its stately rooms, making
them bright as midday. Along the walls
glowed the priceless tapestry of Gobelines,
and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of a
Persia. Rare vases, filled with flowers,
stood on the marble stands, and their
breath went up like incense before the life-
like pictures shining in their golden frames
above. In the great hall stood immense
tables covered with delicacies from all
lands and climes. Upon the sideboard
glittered massive plate and the rich glass
of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now
bold and high, floated in through the open
casement, and was answered by magic sweet
noises.

All was ready. The noble and gifted
poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks
rustled plumes waved, and jeweled em-
broideries flashed from Genoa velvets.—
Courty congratulations fell from every lip,
for the Duke de Montre had made new
steps in the path to power. Yet, sparkled
the laugh went round, and his guests pledged
him in wine that a hundred years had
mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but
his brow darkened, and his cheek paled
with passion, for his son sat motionless be-
fore his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily deman-
ded. "When did my first born learn to in-
sult his father?"
The graceful stripling sprang from his
seat, and knelt meekly before his parent.
His sunny curls fell back from his upturn-
ed face, and his youthful countenance was
radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned
a lesson that sunk deep into my heart.
Let me repeat it, and then at thy command
I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer
stand at the door of a gay shop. He held
in his hand the earnings of a week, and
his wife, with a sickly babe and two famish-
ing little ones, clung to his garments, and
besought him not to enter. He tore him-
self away, for his thirst was strong, and
but for the care of a stranger, his family
would have perished."

"I went on, and, father, a citizen of no-
ble air and majestic form descended the
wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife
put back the curtain, and watched him
eagerly as he rode away. She was very
lovely, fairer than any lady in the
court, but the shadow of a sad heart was
fast falling on her beauty. We saw her
gaze around upon the desolate splendor of
her saloon, and then clasp her hands in
the wild agony of despair. When we re-
turned, her husband lay helpless on a couch,
and she sat weeping beside him."

"Once more we passed. A carriage
stood before a palace. It was rich with
burnished gold, and the armorial bearings
of a Duke were visible in the moonbeams.
We waited for its owner to alight, but he
did not move, and he gave no orders.—
Soon the servants came crowding out; sor-
rowfully they lifted him in their arms, and
I saw that some of the jewels were torn
from his mantle, and his plumed cap was
crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure
of many footsteps. They bore him into
the palace, and I wondered if his Duchess
wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen:
As I looked on all this, my tutor told
me it was the work of the red wine, which
leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims,
in demon merriment. I shuddered, father,
and resolved never again to taste it,
lest I, too, should fall. But your word is
law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison,
as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain,
weakens the intellect, destroys the soul.
Put it away from thee and thou shalt
grow up wise and good, a blessing to thy-
self and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise
and admiration were on every face, and,
moved by the same impulse, all arose, while
one of their number spoke:

"Thou hast done nobly, boy, he said,
and thy rebuke shall not be soon forgotten.
We have congratulated thy father upon
the acquisition of honors, which may pass
with passing season. We now congrat-
ulate him upon that best of all possessions,
a son worth of France and of himself!"